Boy. Well ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any muſique that may not bee heard, to't a-gaine, but as they ſay, to heare muſique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none ſuch ſir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe, vaniſh into aire, away.

Caſ Doſt thou heare my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

Caſ. Prethee keepe vp thy quillets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be ſtirring, tell her ther's one *Caſsio*, entreates her a little fauour of ſpeach—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago. *Exit Clo.*

Caſ. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caſ Why no, the day had broke before we parted: I ha made bold *Iago* to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuite to her, Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*, Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iag. Ile ſend her to you preſently, And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſſe, May be more free. *Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am ſorry For your diſpleaſure, but all will ſoone be well, The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly: the Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*, And great affinity, and that in wholeſome wiſedome, He might not but refuſe: but he proteſts he loues you, And needs no other ſuitor but his likings, To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front, To bring you in againe.

Caſ.